

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Uncle Sam Can Gauge Horsepower of Human Body



WASHINGTON.—If you want to know your exact horsepower and the amount of energy you can generate under any given condition, call on Professor Langworthy at the chemistry bureau, department of agriculture, and he can give you the answer. He can register your horsepower as easily as the engine manufacturer rates his engines.

To Professor Langworthy the human body is but a machine. He is the chief of division of nutritive investigations, and solves the problems of food values. Like any other engine, the human body has a maximum capacity of so many foot pounds of energy, and to generate this, a certain amount of fuel in the form of food is necessary. Doctor Langworthy makes it his business to find what food is adapted for the best results from the material.

He described his unique department in his workshop, surrounded by an endless series of laboratory instruments, ovens, graduated scales and queer tubes and pipes where every thing under the sun is concocted and cooked up, to see how many calories, how much nitrogen and how much energy it will give the human body when it's eaten.

In the laboratory is a respiration calorimeter, a chamber in which Uncle Sam's scientists put subjects to measure the energy which the subject gives off while he is engaged in different tasks and while fed different diets of food.

The calorimeter is a valuable instrument in many ways. It enables the government to recommend certain diets as being of the greatest use to men and women in different occupations, and it enables them to recommend a combination of foods that are

cheap, but at the same time sustaining. The apparatus itself is six and a half feet square and of the same height. There is a window in the side to permit light for reading or studying, a couch, a pipe through which air enters, and another through which it is expelled. The expelled air is caught and its components analyzed, for part of the food you eat is expelled with every breath.

The heat given off by the subject's body is weighed and measured and then carried off through a brass pipe that has a current of cold water running through it. The heat-absorbing power of the pipe is enhanced by a series of copper disks that are soldered to it. The method is merely the reverse of that practiced in bringing heat into a room by the hot-water method. In one, the cold water carries it away; in the other the hot water brings it in. The exact amount of heat expelled from the subject's body is measured by the flow of cold water, one calorie of heat being necessary to raise one kilogram of water one degree centigrade.

When the bureau of chemistry experts decide that it will be a matter of national import to know just the modicum of energy that a diet of stewed beef, bread, beans and radishes generate, while a man is using his muscles, they feed their subject, put him in the calorimeter, set him to work pedaling something that looks like a bicycle, and then stand around and watch the dials and thermometers. Incidentally, to discover the amount of energy on the same diet that a man engaged in hard mental work gives off, they get a subject who has a particularly brain-puzzling task to perform and watch him.

The last subject was a college student who had to pass a very rigid examination. He spent a couple of days in the calorimeter, alternately studying and resting. When he rested, he lay upon a couch at ease and read if he wanted to, or just dozed. At all times the scientists watched the little thermometers, taking copious notes.

Mingling His Politics With Virgil and Horace

ACCORDING to Arthur Krock, that bright luminary of a favorite Blue Grass paper, who loves to mingle his politics with the classic honey of Virgil and Horace, Representative McDermott of the stock yards district in Chicago is lacking in his appreciation of the beauties of the dead languages. Arthur, with a cigar one and one-half yards long, in a voice which would have soothed the raging brine, told this yarn in the press gallery.

"Robert Gordon, who is now sergeant-at-arms of the house," said Arthur, "studied Latin twenty years ago, when he was a schoolboy, and evidently he clings to a knowledge of it. Two members of the house got into a wordy row a few days ago. They reached the point where they began to roar at one another. Mr. Gordon, sergeant-at-arms, sat nervously, fingering the mace surmounted by the intonated eagle which is the symbol of his authority.

"If I had my way," he said to the stock yards statesman, "I'd pitch them out no less volens."



"You'd do what?" said McDermott, whose native tongue is that of McCarey's Indians, near Sixty-third and Halsted streets, Chicago.

"Mr. McDermott sought out a friend: 'That sergeant-at-arms is a Dago,' he complained.

"The Chicago man explained the situation. The friend, unable to reconcile Mr. McDermott's memory of what Gordon had said with any language he had ever studied, asked Mr. Gordon about it. Then the friend went to McDermott and explained:

"He said he would throw them out no less volens, which is Arabic for head over heels."

"Jawbreakers" Cause Much Laughter in Senate



WHEN Henry M. Rose, assistant secretary of the senate, arrived at his office the other day he wore a harassed, hunted look. His mood was not lifted when Senator Gallinger entered with a hearty "Good morning" and an apparently radiant smile. Mr. Rose gritted his teeth and showed symptoms of apoplexy. This was the reason:

Secretary Rose, acting as reading clerk, was struggling through the first pages of the tariff bill day before when Senator Gallinger arose.

"We have now reached paragraph

24," said the senator gravely. "While the secretary had been doing very well I hope he will read this clearly and distinctly."

"Coal tar products known as aniline oil and salts and various other articles," began Mr. Rose, blandly and haltingly.

"I protest," said Senator Gallinger. "It is not reading the complete paragraph."

Mr. Rose appealed to Vice-President Marshall, but the latter was obdurate. Pitching his voice so it reached for outside the senate chamber and with an agonized expression on his face, Mr. Rose called out the various items.

"Toluidine, xylidin, cumidin, binitrochlor, he chanted. 'Binitrochlor, benzidin, tolidin, dianisidin, naphthylamin, diphenylamin, benzaldehyde, benzyl chloride, nitrobenzol and nitrochlor, naphthylaminosulfonide—"

At this point the gravity of the senate gave way and members joined the galleries in a burst of laughter.

Old "Mammy" Is Entertained by Secretary McAdoo

FOLK who know William Gibbs McAdoo, secretary of the treasury, as an austere, dignified person would have been surprised the other afternoon to see him standing in the big reception room of his office in the treasury department engaged in an intimate conversation on childhood episodes with an old colored mammy. After it was over the secretary frankly confessed he just had enjoyed the most pleasurable visit he'd had since he entered the cabinet.

The old mammy was Julia Gibson, mother of seventeen children and who still lives in the McAdoo home town. She came to the treasury department to call on the secretary, and not only was she received, but she was entertained for more than an hour while a crush of business and visitors, as well as treasury officials, waited.

Incidentally the secretary is treasuring what he believes to be an invaluable memento of Aunt Julia's visit. She left with him an old-fashioned brown daguerrotype of his mother



and father that Aunt Julia and her mother had preserved for perhaps half a century. It was to present this gift that Aunt Julia called. Her mother, the "mammy" of the secretary during his babyhood and childhood, Aunt Julia departed with a picture of the building autographed and with a message from the secretary telling of the joy her visit caused. Aunt Julia also carried away almost a hundred new nickels.

She is bound for her home in Macon, where she can tell neighbors and friends of her reception by the secretary of the treasury.

FROM ALL OVER THE STATE

Couple Repaid for Kindness.

Macon.—Gratitude, that sprang from a kindness done seven years ago, entered the home of Jack Dorron, near Macon, when George Pratt, who was cared for by Dorron and his wife during a trying period of his life, returned from the Klondike gold fields where he had made a fortune. When Pratt appeared at the Dorron home he was not recognized. "Beg pardon," said Dorron, "but who is this?" "George Pratt," was the reply. "Just in from the Klondike. Don't you remember me?" Pratt then took a big roll of bills from his pocket and peeled off \$1,500, which he handed to Dorron. "Stuff that in your jeans," he said. "If you need any more, I'm your banker. Tomorrow we'll go to town and buy a motor car for the wife. I'm just crazy to ride in one of those things."

Kirkville.—The teaching of eugenics in public schools was endorsed in a resolution by the American Osteopathic association, whose seventeenth annual convention closed here. The resolution also recommended that the association co-operate with the government in its attempt to control the white slave traffic. It urged the osteopathic physicians to join hands with all other schools of medicine in suppressing the trade, which it holds responsible for the majority of cases of blindness and insanity.

Lebanon to Vote on Local Option.

Lebanon.—A local option election has been called for Lebanon to be held September 9. A census of the city of Lebanon was taken recently and it was found to contain more than 2,500 inhabitants, hence the vote presented a petition which was found to be legal and the city council ordered the election. Lebanon and Laclede county have been dry for more than six years.

Slain Woman's Son Arrested.

Kirkville.—Milburn Chevalier, a grown son of the murdered woman, and Henry Thornton, a rejected suitor, are held in the Adair county jail in connection with the investigation into the killing of Mrs. Ivy Chevalier and her 12-year-old daughter, Ella, when the two were beaten to death after they had been attacked.

Ossified 27 Years. He Dies.

Wellington.—Thomas F. Lockhart, after spending 27 years in bed, practically in one position, came to the death he has for years had prayed for. Lockhart's joints were ossified so that the only movements of the body he could make were a shrugging of the right shoulder and in the middle joints on the right hand.

Slain at Breakfast Table.

Carthageville.—Mrs. Anderson Waldrop shot and instantly killed her husband while he was seated at the breakfast table of their home, 12 miles west of here. Waldrop and his wife had quarreled previously, and she declares he came to the table carrying a club and making threats to kill her and the children. She obtained a pistol and shot him.

Cattle Rushed to Market.

Kansas City.—Cattle are being rushed to market from all over Kansas and parts of Oklahoma and Missouri. Kansas City received 30,000 cattle in one day, nearly as many as the combined supply at the other four Western markets on the same day, and well up to the record run on the Kansas City market. The movement has just begun and will not be checked until all the cattle have been shipped or general rains turn dead pastures into growing grass. Price depreciation is inevitable, and the loss that shippers will suffer on account of weather conditions will extend into millions of dollars.

Deputy Catches Nerve Man.

Warrensburg.—For several days past a nude man has terrorized that part of Warrensburg near Blackwater river. Deputy Sheriff Norman captured him in the woods. He seemed affected by the heat, but told the officers his name was John F. Wilson and that he had been recently released from the Missouri penitentiary, where he had served four years for burglary.

Business District Burned.

Dixon.—Fire which started from the explosion of a kerosene lamp in the produce-house of Clarence Dunbar destroyed the building occupied by him and wiped out the business row, destroying many buildings.

County Pays Off Bonds.

Ozark.—The county court of Christian county paid off the last of the bonds for the county indebtedness of \$28,500, which were issued in 1900. These would not have been due until 1915, but the county had the money on hand and the bondholders were willing to receive payment.

Moberly Theater Is Sold.

Moberly.—Pat Halloran and W. B. Price sold the Halloran theater in this city to George W. Sparks, Moberly capitalist, for \$40,000. The Moberly airline and the Halloran billposting privileges also were purchased by Sparks for \$10,000.

W. T. Le Compté Appointed Judge.

Jefferson City.—Gov. Major appointed W. T. Le Compté presiding judge of the county court of Lawrence county to fill a vacancy caused by the death of W. A. Underwood.

Probable Promotion.

Rosenbaum (proudly)—My son Sol went to work reboarding on a newspaper yesterday, and last night he sent me a letter out on an assignment.

Cohenstein (approvingly)—Dot you doing splendid! Maybe tonight he gets sent out on a fire—Puck.

The Sights.

"Did you see the sights at the scene?" asked one girl.

"No," answered the other. "I went into the water. I was one of them."

HIT THE WRONG MAN

How the Making of a Black Eye Brought Happiness to Two.

By JAMES HALL.

Collins was in a very uncomfortable frame of mind as he journeyed downtown in the subway. He had been unemployed for nearly two months and was just approaching the end of his resources when he answered the promising advertisement in the newspaper. An invitation to call was the response, and Collins was almost certain that his application would be "turned down."

The reason for this pessimistic conclusion was that both the advertisement and the letter especially stated that the advertiser wanted a "clean-cut" man. Collins did not know what a clean-cut man was, but he had always associated the phrase in his mind with the mental picture of one of those tailoring advertisements that appear so lavishly in the periodical press, wherein a youth of aristocratic bearing and classical build is shown, cane in hand, dressed in clothes that have evidently been moulded to his figure. Collins was decidedly not a clothes-horse type. His hair was curly, where it should have been straight, his nose was a little retroussé, and his shoulders sloped a little, as all muscular shoulders do, and were wholly innocent of padding. Decidedly Collins was not "clean-cut" in the fashion-plate sense.

The car was crowded and Collins was hanging to a strap. He felt to watching the face of a girl who was seated opposite. It was one of those sweet, composed faces which are so rarely seen in cities, and which, when seen, impress themselves for a long time upon the mind of the beholder. She might be a stenographer, Collins thought, going to her work in the downtown section. A girl of respon-



"Won't You Accept My Humble Apologies?"

sibility too, no doubt, for there was a quiet self-confidence in her manner which made her, quite unconsciously, a personality among the nondescript humanity that crowded the car. Her hair was light brown, and her eyes, Collins perceived, when she lifted them for a moment in his direction, were his favorite color—at least, at that moment—blue-gray.

On one side of her sat a swarthy, mean-visaged individual, a common subway type. On the other sat a puffy-faced gentleman, reading his newspaper. Collins took all this in, but his mind was busy with the prospective interview, and the thought drove away the arrows of the busy little god. Allison was the head of an important corporation, and the whole of Collins' future hinged upon Allison's definition of a "clean-cut" man. Collins had totally forgotten the girl by the time the train stopped at Brooklyn bridge.

Suddenly his attention was drawn to her by hearing her exclaim in a low, well-modulated voice, but expressive of intense scorn:

"Will you kindly stop pressing my arm, sir?"

His nerves were already tingling. This slight incident completely upset his equilibrium. He saw the puffy-faced man, who had begun to look exceedingly uncomfortable, apparently attempting to conceal himself behind his newspaper. On the other side of the girl the mean-faced individual was snickering, evidently at her indignation. It was just a common subway incident: the puffy-faced man was evidently one of those despicable creatures who make a practice of molesting women. Collins leaped forward and dragged the puffy-faced man from his seat. Holding him by the collar with one hand he delivered a clean uppercut with the free fist, and had the satisfaction of landing squarely upon the puffy-faced man's optic.

Instantly the car was in an uproar. Collins found himself the center of a mass of struggling humanity. A man was clapping him on the shoulder and shouting approvingly. "Well done, young fellow!" he exclaimed. "That's the way we Southerners would do. Give him what he deserves!" Others were striving to get at the puffy-faced man, who, prone on the floor, was endeavoring to shield himself from a rain of kicks and blows.

Collins worked himself free, and tried to help the girl through the throng. He reached her and offered her his arm. She declined it indignantly, and Collins, crestfallen, followed her to the car door, where he was at once seized by a gray-coated subway guard.

"Hold him!" yelled the puffy-faced man, who, hatless and coatless, now appeared on the scene. Even then Collins noticed with satisfaction that his eye was nearly closed and surrounded by a widening circle of black, shading off into a medley of crimson, magenta, and maroon. "That's the fellow that assaulted and tried to rob me," Collins saw the girl stop suddenly,

hesitate, and then return impulsively toward him. She laid her hand upon his arm.

"No, it is a mistake," she said. "This gentleman tried to protect me against a despicable fellow who was insulting me only—only—"

Her lips were trembling and she was evidently overcome by her emotion. Collins looked up, wretched to think that he should have been the cause of bringing tears to her eyes. Then, to his amazement, he saw that it was mirth, not fear, that agitated her.

"Only he struck the wrong man," she said. "This gentleman was perfectly innocent."

"Innocent!" snorted the puffy-faced man. "I should say that I am innocent. I am a family man, and I can't go home with a black eye. Besides, I'm a churchwarden, and there's nothing in my life I have to conceal. My name is Robert B. Allison, president of the Western Manufacturing company, and the little influence that I have I shall use to see that this young black-guard gets the punishment he deserves."

Collins was thunderstruck at this piece of information. Surely fate had dealt very hardly with him. The puffy-faced man, who had now adjusted his coat and hat, did not look much like a prospective employer.

"Mr. Allison," he said impulsively, "I don't care for myself, but if you are a gentleman you will let me get this lady out of this crowd. Won't you accept my humble apologies? My name is Collins—Frank Collins, and I was on my way downtown to apply to you for a position. I lose the position; let us call the account even."

"You are Mr. Allison?" exclaimed the girl. "Why, I am Grace Loomis, and I was on my way to your office in answer to your letter to call concerning a private secretaryship."

There was an awful silence. Collins dared not look up. The crowd was melting away; the three stood there together, for even the guard, seeing the turn matters were taking, had wisely gone about his business. Suddenly a roar burst from Allison's lips.

"Good Lord, that's one on me!" he said. "I can't afford to have it get about that I was mauled by one of my employees to punish me for insulting my secretary. Besides, I need you both to give evidence to my wife about my eye. Come on down to my office and we'll adjust matters. Mr. Collins, your first official act will be to buy me an eye-glass. You're a clean-cut man, sir, and a clean uppercut man too. You're both engaged."

But somehow there was a lurking double meaning in that last word that made Miss Loomis blush.

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Mighty Y. M. C. A.

Three-score years ago, T. V. Sullivan, a sea captain, organized in Boston a new business, modeled after something he had heard existed in England. It was different from any American business then in existence. The new venture began in a very small way, with practically no capital and no backing. As it became a demonstrated success, capital came to it and men of affairs became interested in the management.

Today this organization has thousands of employees. It has 2,196 offices in almost as many American cities. Its expenses are more than ten million dollars a year. It has recently erected a building in Chicago worth \$200,000, one in New York costing \$400,000, and another in Cleveland valued at \$353,000. It is building an office building in Atlanta at a cost of \$442,000, another in Philadelphia valued at \$687,000, and a third in Boston at an expenditure of \$1,200,000. For five years this corporation has been erecting branch houses at the rate of one every six days. All told, it owns 725 buildings. Its real estate is worth \$70,000,000, and it has maintenance funds of \$14,000,000 more, giving it a total capital of \$84,000,000. The name of this organization is the Young Men's Christian association. Its business is the conservation of America's manhood.—World's Work.

Life Facts.

There are certain ages wherein death is very imminent, and of all these ages the most perilous is the age of an hour or two. It is just after birth that we are in most danger of death; and the next most perilous age to this is 71 years.

The age of 3 is the next most dangerous age. Almost one-fourth of all the babies born die during the third year.

From 3 on to the age of 45 life is comparatively safe; but 45, especially for women, is a trying time, and many are carried off.

After passing 45 in safety men and women may reasonably hope to reach 71. Here again they are in great danger—the greatest save for the first few hours after birth.

Longevity is an hereditary quality. It passes from father to son and from mother to daughter. He who had an octogenarian father may hope to become an octogenarian himself, and she who had an octogenarian mother may hope to become an octogenarian herself. But a father's longevity does not pass down to a daughter, nor does a mother's pass down to a son.

Still Works at Handloom.

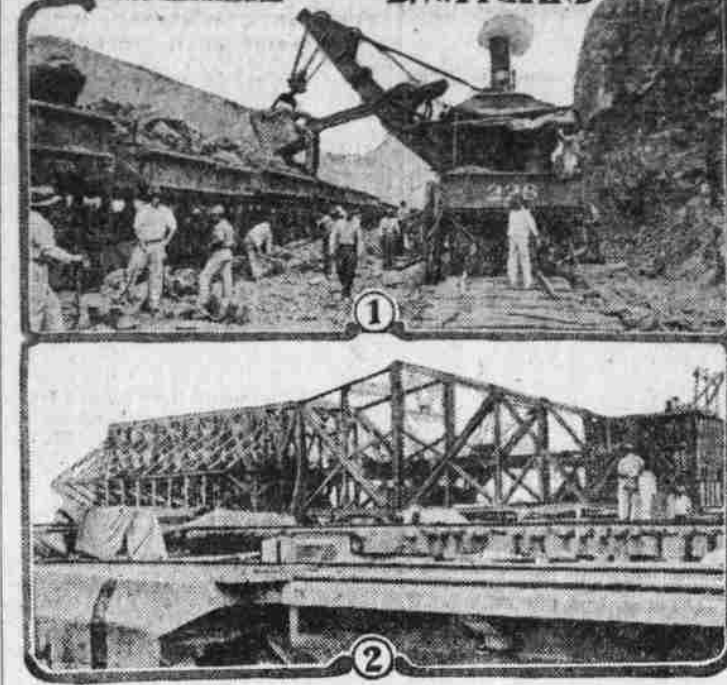
The last of the handloom weavers of Wales, a man named Williams, was present at the Home Arts and Industries exhibition at the Albert hall, London, not long since. Although he was married only a few days before the exhibition, his enthusiasm for Welsh fabrics is so great that he spent the first part of his honeymoon in displaying them. For 400 years without a break the Williamses of Donbighshire have worked their silk looms. Mrs. Williams declares that she will now give up her drapery shop, acquire a small loom, and create her own designs. Williams made petticoats of silk lincey for Queen Victoria, and he has made some for the queen.

Airy Perseflage.

"What lofty thoughts must come to you, Mr. Flyre, as you go sailing through the air, thousands of feet above the earth, free as a bird? Why don't you commit them to paper?"

"My dear Miss Flyppe, such thoughts would be far, far above the heads of ordinary mortals."

The REAL CANAL DIGGERS



1—Steam Shovel and Crew in Culebra Dam Devised to Protect the Locks.

Colon, C. Z.—What of the men who have done the actual digging of the Panama canal? Who are they, whence have they come, how do they live?

We all have read a lot about Colonel Goethals, Colonel Silbert, Colonel Gaillard, Colonel Hodges, Colonel Gorgas and a few others of the men who hold the "big jobs." We know that their immediate subordinates are skillful, energetic young engineers and doctors from the states. But what do we know about the men who handle the pick and shovel, who run the steam drills, who load the borings with dynamite, who help to fill up and empty the interminable dirt trains?

With the very beginning of the French attempt to dig the canal the labor problem bobbed up as serious, especially in view of the horribly insanitary conditions on the isthmus. White laborers succumbed rapidly to yellow fever and malaria and it was found that only negroes could withstand even fairly well the diseases and the climate.

When Uncle Sam took hold of the big job he had the benefit of the experience of the French in this as in other respects, and though he tried a few experiments in the labor field on his own account, it was soon determined that the actual digging could be done best by negroes. Now there are two islands in the West Indies, both British possessions, which are overflowing with workmen—Jamaica and Barbados. To these islands agents were sent, and soon the colored men began to arrive on the isthmus, shipload after shipload. Many of them brought their wives and children and have become a part of the permanent population of Panama.

One other source of labor was drawn upon largely, the north of Spain. There the agents of the commission found a race of men hardy, eager for work and more intelligent than the negroes. A large number of them were brought over, and though for a time they were troublesome by reason of their disposition to engage in bloody quarrels among themselves, after several had been locked up by the Zone police they learned to behave more like civilized beings. These Spaniards do not mix with the negroes, either in work or socially. They have their own camps and messes. The stewards and cooks at these messes are Europeans and the Spaniards get better meals than the negroes. The food is adapted to their national taste and they receive wine several times a week. For this they pay 40 cents a day—10 cents more than the colored men pay. The Spaniards are considered the best common workmen in the zone.

The day laborer on the canal, as a general thing, uses the pick and shovel and does work that calls for no special skill. But this is not true of all of them. There is a higher grade in which the men do such work as the riveting on the great lock gates and the operating of the busy batteries of steam and compressed air drills that bore the holes for the dynamite blasting. Many negroes who have been on the job for years have graduated up to these better positions.

Above them are the bosses of gangs, the conductors of dirt trains, the foremen of dynamite crews, men who hold similar jobs, and they are almost invariably white men because such positions require more independence, reliability and intelligence. Up another grade and you come to the superintending, drafting and designing engineers. These are men from the states with technical education, initiative and often great inventive genius. To the latter are due a number of most ingenious machines designed to cope with new conditions and to expedite the work.

The negro laborer from Jamaica or Barbados is a joy forever. He is indifferently proud of his British citizenship, and with some reason, for the British government looks carefully after his welfare in such a case as this, the terms of his contract being supervised, his health guarded and his return, if he desires to return, provided for. The Jamaicans are the more intelligent of the two classes, and often have considerable education. The best of them have found positions as clerks, stewards and the like. The Barbadians are in the main densely ignorant, but they are a happy lot and as they stream away from the canal to their quarters in the evening they sing, frolic and play practical jokes as though they had not just completed a day of back-breaking labor. They receive an average of \$30 a month, their meals cost them 30 cents a day and their living quarters almost nothing unless they prefer to rent rooms from outsiders. Then they get the worst of it, for

Lifelike.

The irate customer entered the taxidermist's in high dudgeon.

"See here, sir," he said, addressing the proprietor, "what kind of a job do you call this? Only last summer you stuffed this partridge for me and now all its feathers are falling out!"

"And you complain," asked the taxidermist, "why the bird is moulted so naturally that even its feathers moult in the proper season."